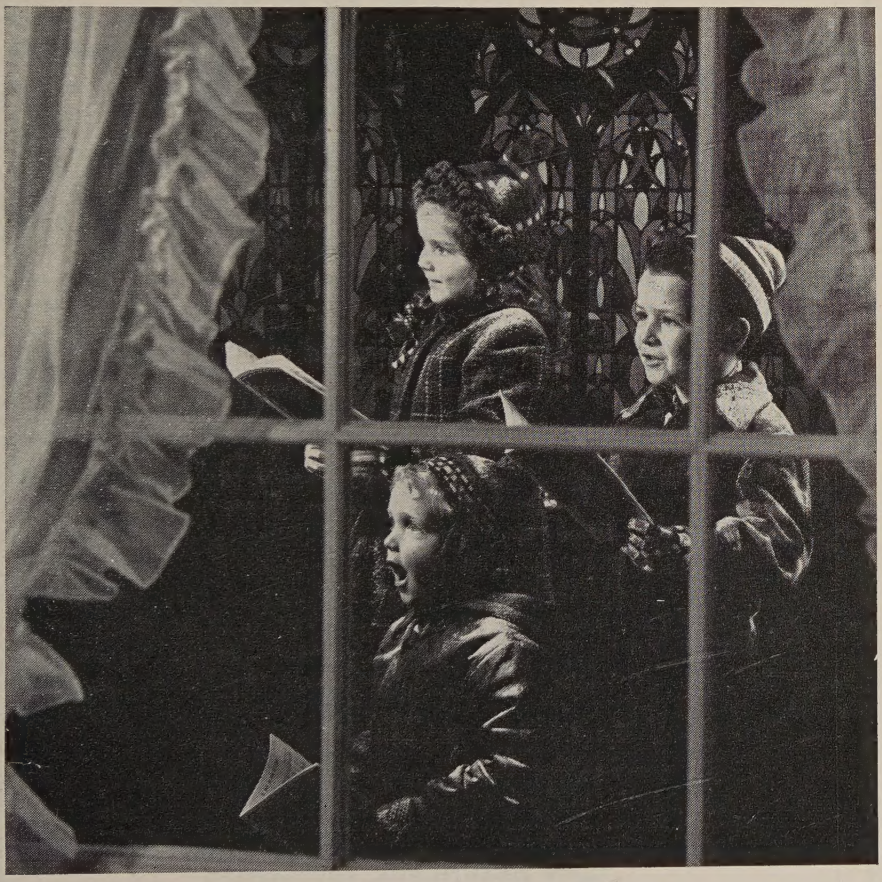
The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIII DECEMBER, 1956 Number 9

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

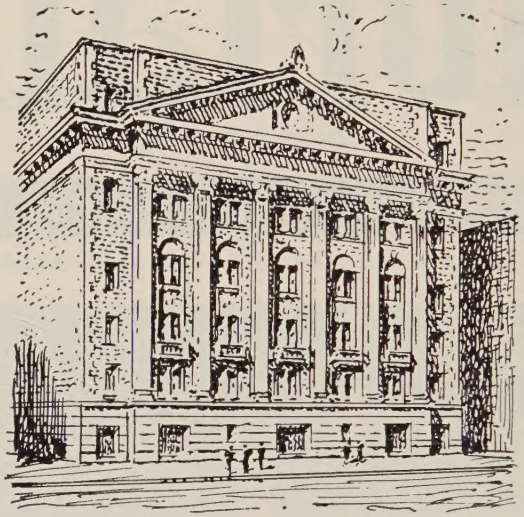


Now every child that dwells on earth,
Stand up, stand up and sing:
The passing night has given birth
Unto the children's king.

Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy for the children,
Come Christmas morn.

Little Christ Jesus
Our brother is born.

(From "4000 Years of Christmas"—Count)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

in the Peoples Church of Chicago
941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

Sunday, Dec. 2, Dr. Bradley will present the Right Honorable J. Chuter Ede, Privy Councilor, Companion of Honor, Member of Parliament and former Home Secretary of Great Britain—a distinguished English Unitarian layman, who is on a six-weeks' speaking tour of the U.S. and Canada ..... 11:00 a.m.

Evening subject by Dr. Bradley: "Is the World Growing Better or Worse?" .. 7:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 3, Amer. Citizenship & Civil Defense Depts. of the Woman's Club, Mrs. A. S. Kredler and Mrs. Henry Friedman, co-chairmen. Presenting a patriotic musical program by Frank and Cathryn Bennett. Hostesses, Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Mrs. John Powell and Mrs. Jacob J. Tolk ..... 1:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 9, Dr. Bradley's subjects:

"Will You Remember?" ..... 11:00 a.m.

"The Social Significance of Santa Claus" ..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 9, Professional and Business Women's Club will hold a Christmas Party and Donation Tea. Miss Gertrude Kruskopf of the Foreign Dept. of Rotchford Travel Service will show colored slides of her summer's tour of Egypt, Italy, Greece and the Holy Land. Admission will be by a gift of warm clothing or bedding for the children of Hungary, in keeping with the Unitarian Service Committee Drive and sponsored by our Sunday School, or a gift for a child at the Lydia Children's Home. Refreshments will be served. Hostesses: Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Mrs. Alice Pearson, Mrs. Cecelia Plett and Miss Ethel Wells Smalley 4:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 16, Dr. Bradley's subject: "The Lonely Heart and Christmas" .... 11:00 a.m.

Annual Christmas Concert, auspices Chicago *Tribune* Goodfellows ..... 7:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 17, American Home Dept. of the Woman's Club will hold its Christmas party, Mrs. Roy Monson, Chrmn., Mrs. Chas. Roberts, co-chairman. On the "Reward Yourself" series, Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle will give a talk on "Faith and Hope." Music by Anada Cosgrove, soprano; Poems From My Desk Drawer, by Ethel Wells Smalley. Hostesses: Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Mrs. George Clark and Mrs. L. E. McCloy ..... 1:00 p.m.

Friday, Dec. 21, Sunday School Christmas Party—Santa Claus—Children's program by members of Church School. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, Honored Guests ..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 23, Christmas Sunday service: "The World and an Unwanted Baby" 11:00 a.m.

Candle Light Service and Christmas Play by the Channing Club ..... 7:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 24, Christmas Eve service: "Your Loveliest Gift" ..... 11 p.m. to midnight

Sunday, Dec. 30. Dr. Bradley's subjects:

"What Time Is It?" ..... 11:00 a.m.

"The Art of Growing Old" ..... 7:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec 31, Watch Night service:
"Unforgotten Memories and Tomorrow" ..... 11 p.m. to midnight

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BOOK LECTURE SEASON OPENS

The Book Lectures will open for the current season Wednesday evening, January 9th. Dr. Bradley has chosen for the opening lecture "The Nun's Story" by Kathryn Hulme.

The lecture will begin at 8 o'clock and close at 9 sharp.

The book lectures will be held once every month until Easter.

The full list of books selected will be published in next month's Liberalist.

NOON BOOK LECTURES AT CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Jan. 10—"The Mind Goes Forth" . . . Harry and Bonaro Overstreet
Jan. 17—"Love or Perish" . . . Dr. Smiley Blanton
Jan. 24—"The Dead Sea Scrolls" . . . Millar Burrows
Jan. 31—"How to Live 365 Days a Year" . . . John A. Schindler, M.D.

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THESE words are being written three days before Thanksgiving Day. My mind is filled with thoughts about Thanksgiving, but Christmas must take precedence. I have thought what an arduous task it must be for editors of monthly magazines who must prepare their Christmas numbers in July and August, as most of them do. To do this one must possess fortitude as well as imagination.

As adequately as cold words in type can express, on behalf of June and myself, I extend to every reader of our magazine a most ardent hope that your Yuletide Season will be one of great happiness. Every year for the 33 years of our publication we have devoted our December number to the Christmas season. We have attempted to present within its covers Christmas thoughts which will be of inspiring and lasting character. I sometimes wonder if there is anything new that anyone can say about Christmas. And then again I wonder if there is any reason for saying anything new about Christmas. The truth and beauty of it are eternal and the spirit of it is necessary no matter how many years one is privileged to live or what life has to offer.

I saw my first Santa Claus in a store window the last week in October, and any time now I expect to hear on the radio or television someone hold forth with "White Christmas," "Silent Night," or "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." There are those who feel that this early introduction of the Christmas motif, particularly as it is commercially exploited, is premature. There is much to be said for this point of view. However, by practicing a little defense one can school themselves against permitting the commercialism of Christmas to destroy the nobility and beauty of its sentiment. I try to do so every time I feel that the whole season is being commercialized.

All of us need Christmas. The world without it would be unlivable. At the Christmas season everyone, from Grandpa down to the smallest child in the house, is always at his best. Everyone is reluctant to be unkind, or selfish, or critical, when captivated by the spirit of Christmas. It is always harder at this time of the year to be unfair and unjust. Those who are self-centered and critical in their attitude toward others will find it more difficult at this season of the year to practice those unlovely qualities than at any other time. There is something about the spirit of it which condemns them. All this gives a reality to Christmas which we all need. It is unnecessary to become a literalist in our interpretation of the Biblical story upon which the event is founded. I always have a great deal of pity for the literalist at Christmas time. The beauty of the Christmas story as it has adorned literature and art and music is in itself the power of the message. For the astronomer to either accept or deny the conduct of a star over Bethlehem, or for one to explain the mystery of the baby's birth, or any of the other details, on a materialistic plane would rob Christmas of its highest and most beautiful truth.

There is no greater reality in my life than the reality of Christmas and I can recapture at will those early Christmases of my life in our village home, when my father would go out and cut down a small tree and carry it

home from the woods; the Christmas programs in the little white church, the Sunday school parties, the evenings during the holiday season when we would pop popcorn on the kitchen stove, eat apples and sing together. All this is Christmas to me and will remain so until the last Christmas on earth. The memories of loved ones and Christmases past, while they are etched on our hearts, always seem to glow with a special beauty during the Christmastime.

It is the one time in all the year when justice is tempered with mercy, forgiveness becomes almost automatic and little expressions of love crop out in the most unexpected places. One of the happiest things at Christmastime is to be remembered by those we thought had forgotten—not with some expensive present, but with some little remembrance, if it is no more than a Christmas card—a proof that we still occupy somewhere in their affection a place, even though it is but a tiny niche. There are those, and I have heard them say so, who think that the Christmas card practice has been so commercialized that it is meaningless. With this I disagree. In fact, I never met a person yet who did not enjoy getting a Christmas card. I go into some humble home long after Christmas has passed and I will find a few Christmas cards lovingly tied together with a red ribbon. Last Christmas I remember, one dear old lady-pensioner who was living alone in one room, weeks after Christmas had passed, showed me, with happiness in her heart, Christmas cards that she was keeping with a pathetic tenderness. In our home every card we receive is read and cherished.

I have only pity for those who permit the confusion and rushing about of pre-Christmas days, the indecision of what to get for this one or that one, to rob them of appreciating the real joy of the Christmas season. The earlier we get our Christmas buying done and our Christmas plans all laid, the better position we will be in for enjoying Christmas itself.

It has been a good year in our church, though we have had great losses through the death of many beloved and loyal members and workers. During the summer we lost 51 members of our church by death. This is to be expected, because as the years go on all of us become older, and with every passing year we are nearer the inevitable. The spirit of our church was never finer. I have never known better co-operation between all the organizations in the church than we are having this year. The various events which are held by the many organizations are always well attended by officers and members of the other organizations. This is a good sign of church unity and spirit. It permeates all of the activity of the church and this was no better illustrated than in the unified activities which characterized our recent and successful bazaar.

The Choir booth, which was under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, was one of the most successful booths in the bazaar. The co-operation which our splendid staff of ushers gave was unusual this year; while the contribution of Mrs. Vera Swanson, our Superintendent of the Church School, and her staff in the preparation of the delicious meals which were served, can never be adequately appreciated. I could go on and on, mentioning every unit of the church, from Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the Woman's Club President and General Chairman of the Bazaar, and Mrs. L. E. McCloy, who had charge of all of the chance books, to every single chairman of every single

booth. Our bazaar was a concrete illustration that all of our workers acquired the spirit of Christmas a month before the day dawned.

I am deeply grateful that after a long ministry I can say what I think is easily discernible: that I have never known a finer spirit in our services of worship; I have never preached to more responsive and inspiring congregations. I look forward to every service with the same zeal, interest and hope which I had in the first years of my work. And, to you all, I wish I had some more effective way of expressing my appreciation. I wish each of you could know what you mean to me; what your attendance, your support, your co-operation and your devotion mean. And so, to you all, a Christmas of unlimited merriment and a New Year which I pray will be a happier, a better and above all a more peaceful year for our world than the one which is so soon to take its place in history.

* * *

Some years ago I used to think that as I grew older and my pastorate of the church lengthened in years, my activities would lessen and the invitations for engagements and work outside of church would grow less and less. However, such is far from being the case. Since church opened I have had the busiest season of my ministry, both as to the demands upon my time and the extent of travel necessary to fulfill these demands. If I were to tell of all the experiences and spend any time on the participation which I have had in meetings and conventions, teachers' associations and addresses all over the country, there would not be room in our magazine for anything else. But there is one experience which I have had that I cannot forego sharing with you.

When I returned from Europe I was delightfully surprised to know that I had been invited to the West Coast to open a series of Town Hall meetings which are held there every season. The invitation came from the head of the Town Hall of San Francisco—Dr. Albert Rappaport. I had not been in California since April, 1945, when I was present as an adviser to the State Department at the United Nations organization meeting. I looked forward to revisiting California with most pleasant anticipation and I assure you it exceeded even my most extensive expectations. I felt deeply my responsibility in this visit to San Francisco and the Town Hall, because it was the observance of the 20th Season for the Town Hall. When I read over a list of the previous speakers whom Dr. Rappaport had presented I felt more deeply than ever this responsibility. In the past there have appeared on the Town Hall programs Sir Winston Churchill, H. V. Kaltenborn, Thomas Mann, John Gunther, Bertrand Russell, Dr. Will Durant, John Mason Brown, Mortimer J. Adler, Emil Ludwig, Bennett Cerf, Eva Le Gallienne, Bernard De Voto, Lowell Thomas, and many others of similar stature and reputation. To appear in sequence on a Town Hall Forum with this galaxy of stars inspired me to do my best.

I didn't know until I arrived in San Francisco that in Dr. Albert Rappaport and Mrs. Rappaport I was to find old Chicagoans. Dr. Rappaport at one time was one of the most well-known operatic stars in Chicago, and had often heard me many years ago. The critics were unanimous in their tributes to him, as possessing one of the rare voices of his generation. A throat condition developed which necessitated an operation which resulted in his never being able to sing again. He overcame what would have been to lesser men a devastating tragedy and,

twenty years ago founded in San Francisco the Town Hall, which has had an uninterrupted history of presenting the finest and the most authoritative personalities in their respective fields to be found anywhere in the world. Dr. Rappaport met me at the terminal in San Francisco with a welcome of such warmth that immediately I felt perfectly at home and completely at ease. He had arranged two press conferences, a television appearance and a radio interview. His enthusiasm was such that I could not fail in giving him my wholehearted co-operation in his plans, which I did. He and Mrs. Rappaport took me to Skipper Kent's famous eating place in San Francisco, where we had one of the most interesting and delectable dinners, as well as an evening of fellowship which will always remain a pleasant memory for me. Mrs. Rappaport is a woman of great charm and culture and a perfect complement to her disinguished husband.

The Town Hall lectures are given in the large Curran Theatre in the heart of San Francisco on Tuesday mornings at 11 o'clock. As I walked down the sunlit streets from the Palace Hotel, where I was staying, to the Curran Theatre, I could not help but absorb some of the glorious history of one of the most interesting and unique cities in the world, and I must say, one of my favorite cities. I have five cities in my life, in any one of which I am confident I could live. The first city of my heart is the city where I have spent my life and where my beloved church is—the city of Chicago. Another, the city of New Orleans; another the city of London, England; another the city of Dublin, Ireland, and now I have added to the cities I love another—the city of San Francisco.

I arrived at the Curran Theatre to find an audience filling the spacious theatre. The Mayor of San Francisco was in Honolulu and was to have opened the 20th season of the Town Hall. He sent Councilor Sullivan as his personal representative, who spoke eloquently of Dr. Rappaport and his work. One of San Francisco's most famous columnists, Mr. Speegle, presided as moderator and gave me a very gracious introduction. It was a thrilling experience and even though I have been speaking for years this experience will always be among the greats of my speaking career. I was thrilled after the lecture to meet many old friends and many from our church who now live on the West Coast; among them one who brought back many memories—Mrs. Norbert Chapek, whom we had visited at her home in Prague, Czechoslovakia, in the happy days of that great little country. Her husband, the Rev. M. Chapek, was one of my dear friends and minister of the great free church in Czechoslovakia. He died in Dachau prison, the victim of Nazi hatred. Mrs. Chapek is retired and living near San Francisco. We talked about the old days and both expressed a hope that some day the freedom which we knew in the days of Dr. Masaryk and Dr. Benes would come back again to Czechoslovakia—and it will!

I have never met a more stimulating man than Dr. Albert Rappaport. His vitality, his imagination and his whole spirit are of a most unusual quality. I hope that my visit to San Francisco is but a prelude to a deeper friendship with him and Mrs. Rappaport.

* * *

The Sunday evening before, I addressed a great meeting of the Forum in San Jose, California. Dr. Rappaport and his brother drove me out to San Jose—a delightful drive—and again we had a thrilling experience there.

Many of our readers will recall the Rev. Emerald Olson when he was was minister of the First Congregational Church of East Chicago, Indiana, and who supplied our pulpit at the time of Mother's passing and also Jimmie's. He is now the minister of the Manhattan Beach Community Church, Los Angeles. I lectured in his church on Wednesday evening of that week, to an audience which packed the church; and sitting on the front row, as I arose to speak, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Max Nonnenbruch, who for years were such devoted and loyal workers in our own church, Mr. Howard Wentz, who was for many years a member of our Choir and Mr. Philip Paynter, who formerly lived in Western Springs and whose cousin, Miss Lillian Paynter, was a member of our Professional and Business Woman's Club. As I looked into their faces it seemed for a moment that I was back in our own pulpit in Chicago.

The next noon I addressed the Lion's Club of Manhattan Beach, and there I met Mr. Frank L. Petru whose father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Petru, are among our oldest friends and workers in our church. They recently celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary, at which time I remarried them. I performed the wedding ceremony for Mr. Frank L. Petru and his wife, Irma. It was a happy time for me, to renew the friendship of these members of the Petru family.

I met many, many people from Chicago who came to my lectures on the West Coast, and it brought home to me how many people who have come in and out of our church through the years have moved to that delightful part of our country. I cannot refrain from saying I don't blame them.

* * *

Well, my space is gone and the story is only half told.

Once again and for the 45th time, the old phrase—

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

A Thoughtful Christmas Gift

A wonderful way to make Christmas last for some loved one or a friend would be to give them a year's subscription to The Liberalist—a reminder every month of the year that you are thinking of them. The Liberalist is becoming more and more popular with our readers. Many of our members who have moved to other parts of the country appreciate keeping in touch with our church and with Dr. Bradley's sermons in this way.

Send $2.00 to the Church Office, with the name and address of the person to whom it should be sent, signing your name as the donor. A Christmas card will be sent in your name announcing the gift.

The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

FOR nearly twenty centuries the truth enunciated by the teacher of Galilee has been attempting to make itself a reality in the affairs of men. Man has consistently and persistently pursued his way of selfishness, aggrandizement and pride. Man has argued about Christ and has not practiced the religion of Christ. The very heart and soul of the entire Christmas emphasis is on the imperishable quality of love and the oft-demonstrated truth that peace can only be where good will and love are. At the Christmas season man demonstrates his potentiality for fineness and goodness and then after the sentimental associations are forgotten with the passing of the days, he falls back again into the old habits of selfishness and hatred.

We are certain this old, old world needs nothing quite so much as the ability to make Christmas last. Think what it would mean if love, unselfishness, devotion, gladness, music, starlit nights, angel voices and shepherd hearts would have their way in the world! If the principle of Christmas could be applied to the affairs of nations and of men it would solve the problems and set the stage for the most thrilling drama of cooperation and good will history has ever seen.

It may take a long time, but remember, we are going to keep on bridging the sea, and we are going to keep on and on in the inevitable integration of humanity and we are going to find a way to bring our moral sensitiveness and our spiritual perceptions up to the co-operative level of our scientific achievements. Nothing that has happened objectively in human history has ever been able to destroy one single iota of goodness, truth and beauty! You cannot destroy goodness! You cannot permanently mutilate beauty and you can never kill truth. If you could kill truth, you could kill God, but God is not in danger. I know of nothing that the puzzled people of the world need more than a recreative faith in the divinity of our own destiny.

It is not "back to Christ," but "ahead to Christ," for the world has not yet caught up with him. When it does it will be a happier, a more peaceful, and a more kindly world.

So we send to our readers our deepest wish that the year ahead may be the finest year you and yours, our country and the world has ever known.

"I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE"

Sermon By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
October 21, 1956

SOMEWHERE, as I speak these words, there is a pathetic figure in a prison cell. Life has crumpled about him. Everything that was so important in the building of character and in the making of a good life has completely collapsed. And if you were to go to him this morning, sitting down beside him on the hard bench on which he sleeps in the little room encrusted with steel with a small window and you were to say to that man: "What happened? What happened?", the probabilities are that he might say to you: "I had a spirit of braggadocio, and was willing to try anything once!" And he did! And that spirit of braggadocio brought him to the depths of indescribable tragedy not only for himself, but for his loved ones and his friends, for society as a whole! It was the first dollar and not the last that put him in an embezzler's and a thief's cell. He tried it once, and it wrecked his life!

At this very moment, perhaps, these words of mine are going to some twisted, tortured life tossing restlessly upon some humble bed, saturating herself with narcotics and alcohol in the heartache and the agony of separation from loved ones in a prison that is just as much a prison as though it were made of bars and stone walls; a little bundle of crushed life, eyes red and blurry, hands trembling, hair matted, trying to find a momentary release from agony by a saturation with something "to forget"! And if you were to ask that tragic little character who had become the petty plaything to be pawed over by every lustful beast; who had, perhaps, sold not her body but her soul—if you were to ask her: "Why," the probabilities are that she would say to you: "In a spirit of braggadocio, I tried everything once!" It was not the last night of revelry and sin that seared her soul and made her the outcast until she was living in heartbreak house; it was not the last night that brought tragedy to her and her friends; it was the first! It was the moment when she released the natural protections of the sacred virginity of life—that was the time she said: "I will try anything once!"

And now come and see probably the most horrifying picture of them all—those of you who saw THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM know whereof I speak—the most tragic prisoner of them all is the one who will lie and steal and sometimes murder to satisfy a craving for a dope or a drug. I am certain that no person who has never experienced it can imagine the agony of such a desire or appreciate the tragedy! You have seen the beautiful flowerlike color of a face fade into a horrifying palor. You have seen the glint and the glisten and beauty of the eye, which is the window of one's soul, become glassy and fixed and staring and all its former beauty pass. You have seen the hand that could write a name with beautiful script and write beautiful things in that script become so trembling and shaky that it could only write undecipherable scribbling. You have seen a conscience that was acute and keen and that kept saying: "Don't! Don't! You'll be sorry!

Don't!" and you have seen the voice of that conscience stilled! And if you were to ask that pathetic, broken, physical, trembling wreck: "Why?", he or she would take you back to a moment in their life when, under the bravado of their associates or someone crying to them: "You're afraid and you're a coward!" they said: "You think I'm a coward? You think I'm afraid? I'll try anything once!" And first the marijuana and then the gradual evolution into a deeper, deeper intense desire to create that world of illusion, until they were imprisoned in that desire, because they were willing to try everything once! That home, surrounded with love, beautiful children, success, prosperity, honor, and you saw the demoralization that came to the personality, the head of that home. You saw what was happening. You saw the physical deterioration; you saw the nature change; you saw the laxity of devotion and parental love; you saw the tragic promiscuity that came and you saw the whole thing, just as there are hundreds and hundreds of hearts and homes listening to me now that have had this experience! You saw an uncontrollable, unsatiable appetite for alcohol; you saw it change the life; you saw it change someone who was beautiful and lovely and spiritual once, into nothing but an animal of the barnyard, with barnyard morality! You saw it all happen! And when home was gone and the family had turned their backs, the only companionships left were the decaying, disintegrating spirits of Skid Row, and you saw this fine, beautiful character being eaten alive by a temporary satiation of alcohol; and if you were to stop him and say to him: "What happened?" He would say to you: "Once I said I would try anything once, and when surrounded by convivial companions as a young man in college in the presence of their challenge "Go ahead, be a man, it won't hurt you," I laughingly raised my first glass and I said "I'll try anything once!" It was not the final session with a bottle of cheap wine on a curb on Madison Street that was the tragedy—the tragedy was "I'll try anything once!"

The world is full of wrecks—moral and spiritual wrecks—along the shore lines of life that were taunted into trying "anything once!" Taunted into it! I was in Cincinnati, Ohio this week, and they've had a great run of automobile tragedies with young people, and I was talking to a man in the Association of Commerce and I said: "What happens?" "Why," he said, "do you know what 'game' they're playing? It's a game called 'chicken.' And these youngsters get into an automobile and another crowd gets into another automobile and on the highway they see how close they can come to each other without a collision! It's a 'game'! Gambling with death! And as they go by and one doesn't come as close as the other feels that he could have come they shout out to the other one 'chicken'! 'Chicken'! And something in a boy's life leaps with pride and says: 'You can't call me chicken! I'll show you!'—and then, in the next mile, they pick up six teenage youngsters, bits of bone and blood and hair—dead! 'Chicken!' " Oh, if I could say one word in this sermon, one word, it would be to say to you: Let us be courageous enough that no taunt and no attack against our courage will inspire us to "try anything once!" The strength of spiritual power comes from those who have said "no"! It may be socially proper; it may be socially conventional; I may court more easily the benefit of society; I may be thought more respectable or a good-

fellow; I may go along with the gang, but there's one thing I refuse to do—I refuse, in the presence of your taunts, to "try anything once" if I am convinced by every process of reasoning I can command, that it will hurt someone! Will it hurt those I love most? Who will it hurt? Will it hurt those who gave me birth? Who will it hurt most if I do this thing, and what will it do with society—and what if everyone knew? The surest test of whether a thing is right is to be found in the fact that you can tell the world what you're doing! The white, glaring, penetrating, powerful light of publicity—will this stand the light? They can laugh at me and taunt me to "try anything once," but supposing those I love best knew; the society of which I am a part knew! I'll try anything once!

Oh, think carefully; will you? Oh, that we may have the courage to test our lives by the best things of life, the things that will encourage and help and inspire! And may we open up the way in which we can help those who "tried something once" that only ended in heartache, in tears and disaster!

A GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

THE Terrace Room of the Oak Park Arms was the setting for a very joyful occasion on November 14. One hundred and twenty-five guests were assembled to do honor and to felicitate Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Petru on their Golden Wedding Anniversary. In this day and age it is a happy occasion when two people, who have walked down the highway of life together for 50 years can bring together their children, grandchildren and a great grandchild as well as other relatives and close friends they have enjoyed along the way, for a celebration such as was held in the Oak Park Arms.

After a preliminary period of visiting (as someone present said, it was like "old home week") in the lobby and reception room, the guests assembled at the banquet tables.

The wedding march was played by the orchestra, the side doors opened, and in came the wedding party. Dr. Bradley performed the wedding all over again, as it had been done 50 years before. This time there were children and grandchildren and a great grandchild in the party.

Frank L. Petru, the son, had brought his family, including his wife, her mother, his daughter, her husband and their child (great grandchild of Mr. Frank J. Petru) all the way from California for the occasion. Dr. Bradley, on his recent trip to California had visited with the son, who, with his family, lives in Pacific Palisades, not far from Los Angeles.

Mr. Petru's two daughters, Betty Jelinek and Liberty Bond Dvorak, had carried out the entire planning of the affair and the son, Frank L., was an excellent Master of Ceremonies.

Mr. Petru Sr., has been in the Real Estate Business in Chicago for over 50 years in one location. Mr. Thomas A. Harrison and Mr. Petru started in as young men, both with H. O. Stone & Co. The Board of Directors of the Cicero National Bank were among the guests and presented a very beautiful plaque to Mr. and Mrs. Petru.

Many were the tributes given to this fine couple, old-time members of

The Peoples Church. Dr. Bradley gave the main address of the evening.

Throughout the evening a photographer was busy taking pictures of various groups. One group consisted of summer neighbors who vacation at the same lake as the Petrus, summer after summer.

One lovely and notable thing about the evening was the atmosphere of hominess, like a great big family party. A quartet of four fine young ladies sang several numbers, one of the grand daughters contributed a solo, and often during the dinner, when the orchestra played a familiar Czech folksong, the entire group of 125 people broke out spontaneously in singing the entire number in Bohemian. It was most delightful.

How altogether lovely it is for a couple to celebrate their 50th Wedding Anniversary—it is Golden, indeed.

REWARD YOURSELF SERIES

MRS. Daisy Schulten, Program Chairman of the Woman's Club, has inaugurated the idea, in addition to having outside talent and outside speakers, of having several of the women of the club take part in the programs by reading a paper in what she has called a "Reward Yourself" Series. This series was opened by Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Vice-President and Member of the Board of Trustees of the church as well as Chairman of the American Citizenship Department of the club. Mrs. Kredler's subject was "Endeavor and Enthusiasm," and we here quote liberally from her paper:

Endeavor and Enthusiasm

By ELLA KREDLER

ENDEAVOR, they tell us in dictionaries is—"An exertion of physical or intellectual strength toward the attainment of an object; to strive; to reach; to try."

. . . Since time began, life for all civilization has been a series of endeavors, in the directions of the physical and the mental. Progress in the world thus far is the result of man's admirable persistence in his endeavors —mental, physical and spiritual. Man striving to improve conditions in the world in every way, as well as in his own personal surroundings, seeking, searching for new locations with the hope of better opportunities; and of course none of this has been the work of a day, but rather the accomplishment of centuries . . . The strivings, the trying and the reaching for, begins in infancy . . . and on into adult life . . .

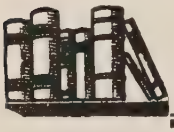
Endeavor and right endeavor is the work of a lifetime and requires constant vigilance to stay "on the track" so we may continue to broaden our lives in some way and refuse to close ourselves in the narrow confines . . . and at the same time prevent the scattering of the forces of mind and body through useless endeavors . . . "Make use of time, let not advantage slip."

All endeavor, mental and physical, is tremendously simplified (especially if the doing has been presented with complications along the way) when accompanied by the quality of enthusiasm . . . which the dictionary outlines as "To be inspired (possessed by the Greek god Enthous); inspiration by a

divine or superhuman power; divine possession." . . . This was evidenced by the Pilgrims when they set sail from England for a new world . . . possessed with inspiration by a divine or superhuman power which enabled them to endure the difficulties they encountered, in their determination or enthusiasm to worship in the church of their choice and to be freed from unjust taxation . . .

Like "endeavor" enthusiasm flows in three directions—mental, physical and spiritual. History is filled with the accomplishments of individuals possessed with enthusiasm . . . in the worlds of education, science and religion . . . Enthusiasm for the arts (painting, sculpturing, music, architecture) . . . for gardening . . . for sports . . . Enthusiasm in the direction of the spiritual . . . For example, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, of whom we hear and read so much today. His enthusiasm has found spiritual channels . . .

Honest enthusiasm, we are told, is the power which moves the world—something divinely inspired or done under what might seem to be superhuman power. That's why any honest enthusiasm is to be praised, because it implies unselfish concern for something outside of our personal interests and advancement. It is to be reverenced because of the great and wise changes which from time to time have straightened the roads we walk and which can be traced to some person's zeal for a reform or change. Just a little enthusiasm brought to bear at just the proper moment makes the difference between the "ordinary" and the "supreme" achievement.



BOOK CHATS

SMALL books are nice to give at Christmas—such as David Dunn's *Try Giving Yourself Away* (Prentice-Hall); *The Little Professor of Piney Woods,* by Beth Day (Julian Messner); *Scripture to Live By,* by Dorothea S. Kopplin (Hanover House); *4000 Years of Christmas,* by Earl W. Count (1948, Henry Schuman). The latter is a charming narrative of Christmas customs from ancient Babylonia to modern America. Mr. Count shows how many different peoples and nations have transformed the idea of Christmas, following its historical movement from Asia Minor across the face of Europe into America. It includes unusual Christmas Carols and a Christmas Calendar, explaining the meaning of each day in the Yule period—the whole Christmas story.

Another small book, *Behind the Mountains,* by Oliver LaFarge, (Houghton Mifflin) was published last August. It is a story of Old New Mexico and of a large family who own a sheep and cattle ranch surrounding the little village of Rociada. The father is a Spaniard and the mother of French descent.

The world that is pictured by Oliver LaFarge is both romantic and real—in fact, it is the world of his in-laws. Most of the chapters have already appeared in The New Yorker. It tells of a way of life that is no more. I recommend it for a Christmas gift because there is a chapter titled "The Snow Too Deep," which is a story of Christ-

mas. Other chapters are "Wedding at Rociada"—"A Voice in Mid-August,"—"The Loss of a Hero"—"God in the Mountains"—"The News From Rociada"—"The Convert"—"Miss Eufemia's Nose"—"A Job and a Lunch"—"Visit of Politeness"—"The Cap in the Snow"—and "The Wind From the Sea."

The author tells a true story of a way of life that flourished not long ago in our Southwest. He lives in New Mexico, the ancestral land of his wife, but he was born in New York City, of Rhode Island stock. He has written a number of outstanding novels: *Laughing Boy,* which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1929, *Raw Material,* dealing with his own development as a writer, *The Eagle in the Egg,* the history of the Air Transport Command. He served as lieutenant-colonel. He is a well-known anthropologist, specializing in American Indian culture. For three generations his family has won distinction in the literary and artistic life of this country. His father was the original architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York; his grandfather was John LaFarge, the great painter and artist in stained glass.

* * *

Such names as the Sinai peninsula, Israel, and Jerusalem were in the "headlines" thousands of years ago. The present state of unrest in that area is nothing new. It has been first simmering, then boiling, from as far back as 1300 B.C. All this is shown in an interesting and understandable fashion in the new *Rand McNally Bible Atlas,* which makes events of the past as vivid as the present.

There are full-color maps which locate the hundreds of places you read about in both the Old and New Testaments; and these are discussed in the authoritative text of the Bible Atlas. The great scholar and Biblical authority, Dr. Emil G. Kraeling tells of their significance in Biblical history in his authentic, contemporary picture of the geography and history of the entire Bible.

The content of this atlas will satisfy the most exacting scholar, and the clear, fascinating presentation of facts will hold the interest of everyone who reads and loves the Bible. It is truly a worthy gift and most appropriate for any family who appreciate the Bible. The price, $8.95.

There are 40 pages of completely new, beautiful, full-color maps, including 18 double-spread maps, which show clearly the geographical divisions and changes in the ancient world from the days of the Patriarchs to the time of Paul. Vital areas are shown such as between Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee and the areas in which the Dead Sea Scrolls were found.

Dr. Kraeling has given literally years of intensive research into the latest and best original sources of information, making this a remarkable, timely work. He specializes in Oriental and Semitic languages, enabling him to read original manuscripts in Aramaic, Hebrew and Greek, as well as hieroglyphic inscriptions and the wedge-shaped characters anciently used in writing in Persia, Assyria, etc. Consequently, this new Bible Atlas reflects the importance of the latest manuscript discoveries.

In 1884 Rand McNally published the first Bible Atlas in this country and it was in their line for 70 years. This all-new, authentic, Rand McNally Bible Atlas is the crowning achievement of 100 years of experience by the world's leading map and atlas publishers. It will open a new world of Biblical enjoyment.

BAKE SALE

Sunday, Dec. 2, after the morning service, the Church School will offer for sale in Anderson Hall, home-baked cakes, pies, cookies, bread and coffee cake. Proceeds go to Church School pledge for the Building Fund.

CLOTHES FOR HUNGARY

The Peoples Church School wishes to aid in the Unitarian Service Committee's Emergency Drive for clothing for Hungary. They are collecting winter clothing, mittens and shoes for the children. Donations gratefully received. For further information, call Vera Swanson, LA 5-8708.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS Dr. Bradley has said in his "Along the Way" this month, we have to think about Christmas before Thanksgiving has taken place, and might I add, while we are still taking out of the Mail Bag some Thanksgiving letters; and while reports of Hallowe'en festivities are still coming in.

Last month I was talking about the beautiful coloring of the October flowers still blooming in my back yard. Other folks were being grateful for our lovely Fall weather, the brilliant reds and sunny gold colorings of the Fall foliage on the trees. Then when November slid along on our calendar floor, someone said to me one morning when the leaves which had grown brown and sere were fluttering down around our feet, "Oh, I do dislike this time of the year; it's so sad to think about the old year dying." "Dear me," I thought, as I felt the heavy pressure of this negative thought on my usually cheerful spirit, "that's no way to be thinking. The very idea!"

I don't know who started this idea of the old year being a dying old man going to his grave. I don't like it and I don't think it is good. I like to think of the calendar of the year as being a moving floor under our feet, which carries us along through the year and brings us right up to the bridge over which we walk on December 31st, to meet the next year coming in.

Let's take our courage from the trees from which those sere leaves fall. To be sure, the tree has lost its beauti-

ful Fall dress but the tree has not died. It stands there straight and strong and healthy, with its arms lifted to the sky, glorifying its creator. The tree has courage, even though it stands there stark and bare, for it well knows that Winter will come along and place over its head and shoulders a lovely soft white velvet gown of snow, all trimmed with sparkling ice crystals. Then all winter long the tree will drink in its nourishment from the snowy gown. This will nourish its roots and, come Spring, it will grow a lovely new gown of pale green, which will deepen and grow richer in color as Summer comes along.

A lot of us during this in-between season may be waiting for a new Winter gown. Let's wait with courage, in happy anticipation of a rewarding Winter season. We, too, like the tree, will find much nourishment during the coming Winter months, for Chicago abounds in cultural advantages: plays, operas, concerts, many worth-while movies of note, lectures, educational advantages, books, cultural club meetings, exhibitions, and numberless other nourishing types of spiritual food. The Chicago Public Library furnishes free of charge many interesting exhibits; so does the Art Institute and the Museum of Science and Industry. One could spend a profitable Winter getting better acquainted with these three municipal advantages of ours. So as our calendar floor moves us along toward January of 1957, let's hold our heads high, as do the healthy trees, waiting for our Winter nourishment to come along. Then we will be ready to take advantage of it. Remember, a drooping head misses a lot that may be going by. We must keep our heads up and our eyes and ears alert to select and imbibe all that spiritual food that the 1957 table holds for us.

* * *

The officers of our Choir tell me there was a lovely "Ghost" Party held at the Bennett's home on October 31st, with a barbecue dinner and cider processed from the Bennett's own apple orchard. A gala evening was planned and carried out. Members of the Choir dressed as ghosts and the spectators judged the most original ghost costume. Prizes went to Stanley Daley and to Mrs. Rose Jindra. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Philip Maxwell (of Chicagoland Music Festival fame), Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison and Mrs. A. J. Kredler, of the Board of Trustees. All the guests played Bunco and prizes were won by Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Kredler.

I know that every member of our church and of the choir deeply appreciate the sincere efforts of our music director and his gracious wife, our organist, in building up the choir and instilling the loyalty shown at every rehearsal and in every musical presentation.

Remember, you who are interested in music, the choir meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 for rehearsal. Following rehearsal the choir members and their friends assemble in the church kitchen for coffee and coffee cake. They certainly would appreciate additions to the choir to help with the Christmas music.

* * *

Dr. Bradley received a very fine letter from Mr. Gregg Carter, who was with our church as Director of Religious Education and an assistant to Dr. Bradley until this last summer, when he was graduated from Meadville Theological School and was called East. Mr. Carter has so many friends in the church and Sunday School and among the young people that we will quote parts of his letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I regret that I have been so long in writing to you, but I think you will understand when you have heard the story of the summer and autumn.

You will recall that I said goodbye to you and went off to Boston. There I spent a week and a half meeting the Fellowship Committee and visiting old friends in Belmont. I have always liked Boston, both for its solid virtues (of which there are a few) and for its eccentricities (of which there are many). It has always seemed to me the most civilized city in the nation; conversely, its people are the most independent, blunt to the point of rudeness—Bostonians have many customs but no manners.

I was accepted by the Fellowship Committee. . . . There being no immediate candidating possibilities, I visited a couple of days in New York City with a friend. Then I spent a week at Gould Farm in the Berkshires. Back in Chicago I found a telegram inviting me to candidate the Westminster Church in Providence—which I accepted. Before going back to New England I took a week's trip to Florida which I enjoyed very much but which was tiring. In August I spent three weeks packing—a most involved and fatiguing process. Next, I went South to visit my family and on to Providence to begin the year's work.

I am modestly apartmented at 63 Princeton Avenue, Providence 7.

I liked the church and the people in it from the very first moment I encountered them. . . . Westminster is the middle class church of the three Unitarian churches here, its people are quite comfortable financially, all finished high school—most went to college, it is sedate but not stiff, and given to informality in its social usage. . . . Rhode Island has a preponderance of Religious Liberals among protestants —the Baptists here priding themselves on the Roger Williams tradition. . . .

Westminster is a young church as Unitarian churches go, only founded in 1828. It came to its present location in 1902. It had an English Unitarian minister at the time—so naturally he built the prevailing idea of what an English country chapel-of-convenience should be. Considering the architecturally poor period in which it was built, it is beautiful. I think June will like it very much. It has lovely windows, beautiful wood panelling, lovely furniture. However, it is not a conventional church, albeit a churchly one. I love it too, because of the lovely organ on whose keyboards I commune with Johann Sebastian Bach each day for an hour or two. There is a pleasant aristocratic flavor which lingers on. The church has a budget of only $7000 a year, yet it does all that most churches do, and, if I may say with pardonable pride—most things much better than most churches. The church has the dean of organists in the city. He stayed with the church at great financial loss to himself because he liked it and its ministers. We have a superb choir of 10 balanced voices; they are competent, intelligent and sensitive musicians who can sing almost anything. You can imagine how happy this makes me. . . .

Providence is a pleasant city. There is a very heavy preponderance of non-Anglo - Saxon - German - Scandinavian population mostly Catholic. . . . which is a rather new situation for me. . . . Compared to Chicago, the city is neither better nor worse—but quite different. The problem of liberal religion here is simply that it is too comfortable, too easy, too accepted and acceptable.

I constantly realize how valuable my

experience with you last year was. I have adopted a completely extemporaneous style of preaching (I will take 8 or 10 lines of outline to the pulpit to give internal consistency). My people comment on how "alive" the preaching is, and how they like it (thanks to your good example). I shall never again try to *preach* from a manuscript. We have a simple, but beautiful liturgical service . . . readings, anthems, hymns, and extemporaneous prayers—I think you would approve. Here in New England our people sing—even the Longfellow, Johnson, Ham and Hosmer tradition, difficult hymn poems with full understanding. It is very gratifying.

. . . I miss you very much. I miss June. I have many new friends, of course, but there is always something sad about putting physical distance between one's self and old friends—let's never let it be spiritual distance. As the Spanish say, "my house is yours." You're always welcome here.

. . . A letter from Rex Styzens tells me of a year off to a good start. May it be a full and rewarding year for you and for everyone connected with People's Church. No one can know how much I wish the church every success and, especially its minister, every spiritual benediction.

I enjoy reading the Liberalist. My best regards to Miss Smalley. Greet Mrs. Haslet for me. To Mae a big hello. To the Harrisons a warm greeting. To the Channing Club my affection. To the Church School my benediction. To all our mutual friends Godspeed.

To June a full year—one with every joy and every fulfillment. And to you, Dr. Bradley, well I said what I felt in the September Liberalist.

I know you are very busy. Write when you can. A letter will help me a great deal to find the strength for the difficult tasks ahead.

Affectionately,

Gregg.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

During your service October 21st, in your praise of flowers you referred to them as having a soul. That appealed to me greatly. I am much gratified at knowing your attitude is similar to my own, regarding flowers. About a year ago I happened on the following quotation credited to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher: "What a pity flowers can utter no sound;—a singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle;—what a rare and exquisite miracle that would be. Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

This inspired the enclosed verses which the Ludington (Mich.) Daily News considered worthy of space in its "Driftwood" column, Dec. 15, 1955.

Because of your mention of the soul of flowers, I am taking the liberty of sending you the verses, with my compliments:

Sincerely,

Allen W. Moore, Jackson, Mich.

THOSE SOULLESS (?) FLOWERS

A well-known preacher once has said,
When God made flowers upon earth's scroll,
They were the sweetest things he made
In which he forgot to put a soul.

The word "forget" is often used
To cover a delinquency;
As used above it seems abused,
And used somewhat insensibly.

The pretty flowers to us are given
By Him alone who can create.
He made them in their various forms—
His work we should not underrate.

We only know what we can see,
There is but One who fully knows.

Not you nor I, but only He
Can read the heart of a lovely rose.

Though we may strive a soul to see,
Look for it with a sight most keen,
We search in vain. All must agree
Soul only can be sensed—not seen.

The pretty pansy, bright and fair,
Turns up its face the sky to see;
It seeks the sun, it breathes the air,
Is it so different from you and me?

The flowers bring hope and not despair,
They always seem a happy lot;
And when I see them smiling there,
I'm not so sure that God forgot."

* * *

On November 15th, Dr. Bradley was Guest of Honor at the opening program in Fullerton Hall at the Art Institute of that splendid institution of which Myrtle Dean Clark is the Founder-President, the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen. Mrs. Clark presented him with the following poem:

Dr. Bradley has a shrine to Greatness—
Even to truths uttered before
He gives a luminous greatness,
And new wings to soar.

Dr. Bradley relies on jubilance of spirit—
That dynamic in man
Which gives life dimensions
And horizons to span.

Dr. Bradley believes in transcendant art—
Of beauty, symmetry and line;
But his own art of appreciation
Has qualities divine.

Dr. Bradley believes in the infinity of
Goodness—
That power waiting in every human soul;
That questing for God-ness
Which is man's goal.

Dr. Bradley believes in the glories of giving—
That cosmic quality whereby
The widow sharing her last bit of oil
Gains oil in lasting supply.

Dr. Bradley knows the energy of
enthusiasms—
Devotions that flow in his veins;
He spends himself in the worthy Cause
And Greatness attains.

Myrtle Dean Clark

* * *

Here is an echo from Dr. Bradley's address at Town Hall Community Forum, in Jan Jose, California. Estelle Smith, 2023 Lynnhaven Drive, San Jose, California, writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was wonderful to have the opportunity of seeing and hearing you again after thirty years. Your voice sounded just the same and your face looked just the same. It is good to know that time is so kind to you.

I am enclosing a news clipping which I thought might be of interest.

I am looking forward to receiving The Liberalist each month with one of your sermons in it.

* * *

And now we are back in the early part of November, for a "Thank You" note which comes out of the Mail Bag:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

November is a "Thank You" month and according to your suggestion of some years ago I am making this my first "Thank You" note. And it is indeed a "Thank You," for all the comfort I have received through your radio programs for a great many years.

Please pass my "Thank You" on to your Choir, your Quartet, your Soloists, your Director, your Organist and the Pianist—and again I want to tell you that your Sunday services are a great comfort to me. Many thanks.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Alma Lindblom.

* * *

Here is an "echo" from the Bazaar, so successfully ended the night of November 16th. The dear little young 93-year-old lady from the Old Peoples Home at 4724 Vincennes Avenue, who

won the beautiful Zenith Portable TV set writes the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

May I try to thank you and the wonderful group of church ladies who helped me win the Bazaar TV? I am so delighted with it and find it very easy to adjust, and it will be a joy to me all winter. Also I am happy about the winner of the Florida vacation. I feel sure she will enjoy every minute of it.

Everyone had such a gay time at the Bazaar. I would not miss it for a great deal.

With deep appreciation and my kindest wishes to you and the friendly members of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church, I am

Sincerely,

Evelyn Sutherland

The amazing thing about the above letter is that the writer came all the way from the South Side of Chicago over to the Bazaar two days, the second day coming all that distance alone. Also, her handwriting is much better and much prettier than mine. We all had waited until well after 1:00 a.m. to find out who would win the TV set. Everyone wanted it, but it took all disappointment away from everyone's heart when they discovered that a dear little lady from the Old Peoples Home had won it. Who, indeed, would get more enjoyment from it or appreciate it more than Evelyn Sutherland. The whole crowd burst into spontaneous applause and went home tired, but happy.

* * *

I wish a happy Christmas season to all our readers and hope that all the year ahead you may—

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

FUNERALS — SEPTEMBER

18—Spencer Logan
21—Mrs. William Ward
22—Paul Merkl
24—Mrs. Charlotte M. Hogan

WEDDINGS — SEPTEMBER

16—Marietta Roeder and Robert McNeil
22—Nancy Sivertsen and Alan Serzew
22—Gloria Laiche and Hampton Burke
30—Edna Eddy and Edward Snuggs

CHRISTENINGS — SEPTEMBER

23—Mrs. Evelyn Harwig Klaus (adult)
Linda Ellyn Klaus and
Richard Wayne Klaus, children of
Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Klaus
Frederick Charles Bramwell, son of
Mr. and Mrs. John Bramwell

FUNERALS — OCTOBER

1—Arthur Sommer
4—E. L. Essley
5—Mrs. Lucy Larsen
10—Mrs. Fay K. Coffey,
Emily Heuer
13—Dr. Henry C. Iltis

WEDDINGS — OCTOBER

6—Sylvia Olsen and Ronald Korol
Patience Smith and William Frick
14—Lillian Montgomery and Herbert Horwitz
20—Ann Narquinez and Dr. Khadanz Broomandan
20—Elizabeth Montgomery and Frank Kuhn

CHRISTENINGS — OCTOBER

14—Judith Anne Faurie,
Gary William Faurie and
Janice Louise Faurie, children of
Mr. and Mrs. William Faurie
14—Kurt Allen Mach, son of
Mr. and Mrs. James Mach
21—Mark Kennett Leschuck, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Leschuck
21—Jeffrey Bergmann, son of Mr. and Mrs. Erik Bergmann

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER

15—Howard Co. Chapter, IWLA, Kokomo, Ind.

16—Wedding
Opening service. Peoples Church
Address. International Travel Club, Washington YMCA

17—Danville Industrial Club, Elks Club, Danville, Ill.

18—Funeral
Address. Tastee Freeze Convention, Crystal Room, Sherman Hotel
Address. Professional and Business Women's Club, Lewis Towers

19—Funeral
Sick calls

20—Address. Illinois Athletic Club
Address. Friends of Literature, Club Room, Art Institute

21—Funeral
Address. Church School dinner, Peoples Church

22—Funeral
Two weddings

23—Morning service. Peoples Church
Address. Opening Forum, Greater Bethesda Baptist Church

24—Funeral
Opening address. Woman's Club, Peoples Church
Address. Chicago Round Table, Como Inn

25—Opening address. Men's Club, Peoples Church. IWLA night
Conference re WSEL

26—Two addresses. East Aurora (Ill.) High School

28—Two addresses. County Teachers' Institute, Henry, Ill.

30—Wedding
Morning service. Peoples Church
Address. Grace Methodist Church, Pekin, Ill.

OCTOBER

1—Funeral

2—Two addresses. Annual Midwest Book Reviewers Conference, University of Omaha, Omaha, Neb.

3—Address. Book Review meeting. Auditorium, Brandeis' store, Omaha, Neb.

4—Funeral
Address. Fellowship Club, Chicago Police Dept. annual banquet, Sherman Hotel

5—Funeral
Address. Natl. Assoc. Building Owners & Mgrs., Sheraton Hotel

5—Address. Church School dinner, Peoples Church

6—Two weddings

7—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. Willard Methodist Church, Oak Park, Ill.

9—Commencement address. School of Mortgage Banking, Northwestern University, Grand Ballroom, Conrad Hilton Hotel

10—Two funerals

11—Address. Teachers' Convention, Wisconsin State College, Eau Claire, Wis.

12—Address. Woodside Woman's Club, Brookfield, Wis.

13—Funeral

14—Wedding
Christenings
Morning service. Peoples Church
Sermon. Granville Avenue Methodist Church
Morning service rebroadcast over WSEL

15—Address. Annual dinner, Men's Club, First Methodist Church, Harvey, Ill.

16—Address. University Club

17—Address. National Association of Mutual Insurance companies, Sheraton-Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio

18—Address. Woman's Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

20—Two weddings

21—Christenings
Morning service. Peoples Church.
Morning service rebroadcast over WSEL.
Sermon. Marion Ave. Baptist Church, Aurora, Ill.

22—Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library

23—Address. National Safety Council, La-Salle Hotel

25—Address. Fort Wayne Women's Club

28—Attended First Unitarian Church, San Francisco, Calif.
Address. San Jose Community Forum, First Methodist Church, San Jose, Calif.

30—Openings address. Town Hall Forum, Curran Theatre, San Francisco

31—Address. Manhattan Beach Community Church, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, F.M. Sunday..... 9:30 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Dec. 3, American Citizenship and Civil Defense Depts., Mrs. A. S. Kredler and Mrs. Henry Friedman, chairmen, will present Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, in a Patriotic program of Music. Hostesses: Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Mrs. John Powell, and Mrs. Jacob J. Tolk..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 17, American Home Day. The Christmas party under the chairmanship of Mrs. Roy Monson, Mrs. Chas. Roberts, co-chairman. Program to be announced. Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle will speak on "Faith and Hope" in the "Reward Yourself" series. Hostesses: Mrs. Frank Williams, Mrs. Elinore Hodge and Mrs. L. E. McCloy..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9, in Anderson Hall, Christmas Party and Donation Tea. Mrs. Betty Porter, Program Chrmn., will present Miss Gertrude Kruskopf, who will show color slides of her recent trip to Egypt, the Holy Land, Italy and Greece. Hostesses: Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Mrs. Alice Pearson, Mrs. Cecelia Plett and Miss Ethel Wells Smalley. Admission will be by a gift of warm clothing or bedding for the children of Hungary, in keeping with the Unitarian Service Committee's Drive and sponsored by our Sunday School, or a gift for a child at the Lydia Children's Home.

Men's Club—Next meeting will be January 22nd, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*

Channing Club for young adults. Announcements in church bulletins.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed.....9:30 a.m.

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

WSEL—104.3 F.M. Sunday Morning Service Re-broadcast..... 9:30 p.m.

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